Tenderness

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52434658.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Dr. Frederick Chilton/Will Graham
Characters:	Will Graham, Dr. Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Episode: s02e04 Takiawase, Bathing/Washing, Touching, Touch-Starved, Touch-Starved Will Graham, Tenderness, Hair Washing, Bubble Bath, Hand Jobs, Praise Kink, Service Top, Service Top Dr. Frederick Chilton, Taking Care of Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of Hannibal Bingo 2022/2023
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-31 Words: 2,840 Chapters: 1/1

Tenderness

by hartfeathers

Summary

Will is biting back a chest full of questions and quips but he is too curious to disrupt what is happening. He quietly follows Frederick and the man guides him to a door in the corner of the room Will never noticed before on the wall opposite Frederick's large desk. When the door opens Will raises an eyebrow as he takes in the airy room, walls of cream coloured tiles and soft sage paint, a large claw foot bathtub takes up space below the window.

“Is this another unorthodox form of therapy, Dr Chilton?”

~~~~

Prompt - 204 Takiawase

Notes

This fic is dedicated to jorassicpark who inspired the idea for this fic way back in 2021!

https://twitter.com/jorassicworld/status/1444002619538640897?t=qDGvH64Isf-62fbLMi3TlQ&s=19

See the end of the work for more notes
~~~~

Will feels unsettled and a little jittery from both the drug and the recovered memory though he deliberately keeps his breath steady to maintain as controlled an appearance as possible. He flexes his fingers and rolls his wrists wincing slightly as his reddened skin rubs against the straps holding him down.

His attention is caught by Frederick leaning in to speak quietly to a faintly familiar orderly with short, dark blonde hair; he watches them sharply. He remains silent and keeps a wary eye on them both as the orderly diligently unfastens the straps and cuffs his hands, the cold metal irritating his already sore skin.

He doesn't utter a word as he is led through the halls though he frowns in confusion when he is led away from his own cell and towards the stairs. He stares intently into the back of Frederick's head as he leads the three of them towards his office. Once they reach the doors Frederick turns to them and holds out his hand, the orderly gently guides Will forward with a tentative hand on his back and once he's close enough he hands Frederick Will's cuffs. Frederick opens the door and leads Will inside, he then turns to the orderly and tells him to remain outside.

Will is biting back a chest full of questions and quips but he is too curious to disrupt what is happening. He quietly follows Frederick and the man guides him to a door in the corner of the room Will never noticed before, on the wall opposite Frederick's large desk. When the door opens Will raises an eyebrow as he takes in the airy room, walls of cream coloured tiles and soft sage paint, a large claw foot bathtub takes up space below the window.

“Is this another unorthodox form of therapy, Dr Chilton?”

Frederick leads Will to the tub then coaxes him to sit on the small stool beside it, a gentle and rarely seen smile graces his lips. “No, Will.”

Will watches him as the man begins filling the bath with hot water, pouring in bath soak liquid that smells wonderfully of fresh lime and creamy coconut - lightly similar to Frederick's cologne. He finds himself relaxing as steam heats the room, the soft tropical scent feels comforting especially when compared to the sharp, artificial lemon scented prison issued soap.

“Then, what is this?”

Frederick swirls his hand in the water, bubbles floating on the waves, and looks back at him, his jade eyes seeming more green against the sage wall behind him. He seems to consider his words and then carefully replies, “Tenderness.”

Will curls his lip instinctively despite his whole body shivering with want, tenderness has been so lacking in his life, especially of late, and he can't help the part of him that wants to lean into Frederick like a flower reaching for the sun. But he can't. He can't let himself be vulnerable, especially with the man keeping him here, surely this is all just a ploy to encourage some sort of codependence.

“I don't need you.” he sneers.

Frederick sighs softly, “I know you don't need me, Will, you've made that abundantly clear on more than one occasion.” He turns off the taps, the tub now full of steaming, bubbly water. “But I think you need this. You need a little tenderness, Will, especially after our session today and there's no shame in letting me give it to you.”

For several long minutes Will does nothing but stare at Frederick, reading his every breath and twitch, but he can see no deception. Frederick truly does just want to take care of him and right now Will doesn't have the strength to say no.

“Okay.” he whispers.

Frederick smiles a little shyly then removes his jacket and rolls up his sleeves, he retrieves a long chain from a cupboard that has a standard metal cuff on one end but on the other is a thick leather cuff.

Will grins, “Kinky, Dr Chilton.”

Frederick rolls his eyes a little but his lip twitches and his cheeks dust ever so slightly pink. He attaches the metal cuff around one claw foot of the bath and balances the other cuff over edge, bubbles bursting against the leather.

“You plan to keep me chained while you bathe me. How dangerous could I possibly be while naked and wet?” Will can't help his sharp remarks, an instinctive defence mechanism. “Don't you trust me?” he asks with a sardonic smile.

Frederick doesn't smile back. He looks at Will calmly, “No, I don't.” he answers honestly, bluntly.

Will falters not because Frederick doesn't trust him, he never expected him to and he would be a fool if he did, but because he was blatantly honest about it. No platitudes or falsehoods, just honesty and it cracks his facade. Ever since learning of Hannibal's lies Will threw up protective walls to shield himself from everyone because despite what they may say they all lie, including him. But Frederick, in this moment, is choosing not to lie to him and that means more than Will could possibly express with words. He takes in a shakey breath and then exhales slowly, he allows himself to relax just a little knowing he doesn't have to maintain a mental chess match. In this room, with this man, he can finally relax.

“May I?”

Frederick's words bring him out of his head and he realises the man is closer now, his fingers hovering over the buttons of Will's jumpsuit.

Will nods jerkily then rubs his fingers together as Frederick begins undressing him, popping open the buttons and pushing the material off his shoulders where it bunches up at his elbows. He raises a questioning eyebrow, Frederick isn't going to be able to take it off without removing his cuffs but then he huffs a laugh to see the other man fetch a pair of scissors. He sits perfectly still as Frederick cuts the arms of the jumpsuit which then falls

around his waist. Frederick cuts away his t-shirt, he sucks in a shallow breath when the cold blade tickles his skin. He is silent as Frederick kneels to remove his shoes and socks, merely observing the man he has held little regard for before today and finds himself reevaluating him. He stands and shivers when warm hands slide over his hips and legs, Frederick discarding his now ruined clothes.

Completely naked Will feels even more vulnerable and he fights the urge to flee, to fall into his practised behaviours to deflect now he feels exposed. Despite his mind telling him to lash out he remains placid because his whole body is yearning for the touch and comfort Frederick is offering. He is so starved of it and he can't let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

Will holds out his hands so Frederick can secure the leather cuff just above his reddened skin, once the buckle is fastened Frederick removes the metal cuffs. Will sighs faintly and stretches out his arms, groaning as his muscles pull and relax, he rotates his shoulder which has become stiff.

“Will,” Frederick calls softly, “come on.” he cajoles, putting a gentle hand on Will's arm and guiding him closer to the bath.

Will takes the hint and wastes no more time, he steps into the hot water groaning deeply as he sits down and lays back, allowing the water to cover his chest, emitting a small hiss as his wrists submerge. The warmth of the water seeps into him like a full body hug, his usual lukewarm 5 minute showers become a distant memory. He closes his eyes and pulls in a deep breath, creamy coconut milk and zesty lime fills his lungs, he exhales with a loud hum of contentment. He can hear Frederick shuffling and sitting on the stool beside his head but pays him no mind and instead focuses on the sensation of being cocooned in hot water.

“Will?”

He opens his eyes and turns his head a little to glance at Frederick out of the corner of his eye to show he's listening.

“May I wash your hair?”

It isn't what Will was expecting, but given how unusual this last half an hour has been perhaps he should have. He nods slowly and feels something in his chest flutter to see Frederick's small smile. He tilts his head backwards, his nape cradled in one of Frederick's hands as the other cups water and pours it carefully over his hair. Once his hair is soaked Frederick guides him to lean his shoulders against the curve of the bath, Will hears the click of a bottle and smells creamy sweet coconut. He moans when firm fingers start gently rubbing circles in his hair, he can feel and hear the soft popping of shampoo suds lathering in his wet curls. He melts into Frederick's hands as the man cards his fingers slowly through his hair, stroking shampoo though his locks to make sure each strand of hair is clean and massages every inch of scalp. Will feels almost boneless, he tilts his head back into Frederick's hands as they stroke his head. He sighs again as Frederick rinses the bubbles from his hair leaving it feeling soft and nourished smelling faintly of coconut.

His eyelids are heavy, relaxed and sluggish under the soft attention, his head lolls to the side as he watches Frederick move to sit beside the length of the tub. Frederick picks up a loofah and applies a liberal amount of liquid soap, as he gently strokes it along Will's arms in circles the scent of coconut laced with vanilla fills his senses. He wonders if Frederick merely has so many coconut scented products because it is a nourishing ingredient or if it's to pair with his cologne. Either way, Will loves the delicate, milky scent and how soft it leaves his skin feeling.

His breath hitches a little as Frederick sweeps the loofah over his perked nipples sending an unexpected zing of sensation to his gut. He watches serenely as Frederick diligently washes his legs and feet; the other man looks completely content, focusing on his task of bathing Will with a faint smile. Once he's done he places the loofah to one side and moves to sit behind Will again, Frederick begins rinsing bubbles from his arms, Will shivers as hands stroke over his skin. He keens quietly in his throat as Frederick rubs his chest, his fingers catching over his nipples accidentally at first but then more deliberately as Will shivers and subconsciously arches up into the light touches.

His body feels both relaxed and alight with a thrumming energy he hasn't felt in months. It's only when Frederick's hands quest lower, settling on his hips, that Will realises he's hard. This is the first time in months he remembers having an erection. He squirms a little and feels his cheeks flush with embarrassment, he tries to twist his body away from Frederick's hands.

“Shhh, Will.” Frederick coos as he pets his hip bones. “It's okay.”

Will tries to steady his breathing as his heart quickens with excitement, his skin tingles beneath Frederick's hands and he feels keyed up with nervous anticipation. He feels Frederick nuzzle the side of his head, his breath washes over the shell of Will's ear as he asks, “May I touch you, Will?”

Will swears softly and nods minutely, Frederick feels the movement against his cheek. Will's breath catches as a hand wraps loosely around his cock, he whines as Frederick begins to slowly jerk him off with steady movements. The rhythmic motion builds a low burning arousal, a simmering desire warms Will's blood. A deep body feeling of pleasure weaves around his bones until he can feel nothing but the incredible glide of wet skin on skin.

He bucks his hips and whines, he isn't going to last long and feels a tickling desperation for the wave of ecstasy an orgasm will bring. Frederick shushes him in a low voice, “You're being so good, Will.” he whispers and Will shudders, “You look beautiful.” Frederick's words make his skin prickle and his arousal flares. “Thank you for letting me take care of you,” Frederick twists his wrist and swipes his thumb over the head of Will's cock, “You deserve to feel good.”

Will mewls and he leans his head back to nuzzle into the warm skin of Frederick's neck, with shaky breaths he can smell traces of his cologne; creamy, bittersweet and a little tart with a light honeyed smokiness, hints of lime and chocolate. The scent envelops him, comforting in its citrus freshness and smooth warmth, rich and softly sensual. Will licks Frederick's jaw and moans quietly into his skin as the slow build of pleasure starts to become too much.

“That's it, Will.” Frederick encourages tenderly, “You can come, whenever you're ready,” Will feels a tender press of lips against his chin. “Come for me please.”

Will's back bows and he makes a choked off moan as Frederick's words of sweet praise nudge him gently over the edge. Frederick murmurs to him and keeps stroking his cock lightly as his orgasm washes over him in waves. He trembles as he floats down from the orgasm high, his body worn out after the waves of all encompassing pleasure.

“Well, Dr Chilton,” Will pants faintly, “That was very therapeutic.”

Frederick grins, “I'm glad you appreciate my methods, you are under my *exclusive* care after all.” he replies cheekily.

Will snorts a laugh and gazes up at Frederick with a new understanding and appreciation. He swirls a hand in the water, most of the bubbles have now disappeared and the water has lost its heat, it's still warmer than his usual showers but he's getting chilled sitting in the slowly cooling water. Though he loathes leaving this bath he'd rather not risk getting sick again, even if it would just be a common cold. Frederick holds out a huge, thick forest green towel as Will stands, water sluices from his body and the chain attached to his wrist clicks against the bathtub. He steps out and into the towel, it's wonderfully soft and warm, Will could happily bury himself inside it and fall asleep. He allows Frederick to lead him once more until he's sitting on the stool again. He remains patiently still as Frederick blow-dries his hair, strong fingers delicately threading through his curls to prevent knots forming. When he's done Will reaches up and strokes his hair, it feels silk soft and healthier than it has in weeks, as he ruffles his locks he can smell the very faint trace of coconut that clings to the strands.

Frederick brings over a clean set of clothes and begins redressing him; underwear, socks, the lower half of the jumpsuit and shoes. Will puts his head and arm through the t-shirt, shrugging on one sleeve of the jumpsuit. Once he is half dressed Frederick clicks a metal cuff in place on his wrist, away from his raw skin with the material of the jumpsuit as a barrier between metal and skin. He secures the handcuffs to a pipe then unfastens the leather cuff and helps Will thread his arm though his t-shirt and jumpsuit. Will watches the other man the entire time he dresses him and not once does he sense any sort of resentment or obligation, in fact there's no trace of any ulterior motive at all, just the low humming sense of content in service. Will files that little fact away for later.

Once Frederick has finished redressing Will, in better quality material that feels soft and less itchy against his skin, he secures the other cuff in place, again over clothing. Frederick then grabs a bottle of the same shape and colour as the soap he used to clean Will and squeezes lotion into his fingers. Will bites his lip when Frederick kneels in front of him and then gingerly applies the lotion to the red skin on his wrists, the nourishing cream soothes the irritation and restores some moisture which will help it heal. Another layer of coconut scent.

Will smirks, “Are you trying to make me smell like you on purpose?”

Frederick looks up at Will from where he is still kneeling between his knees and the corner of his lip twitches wickedly.

All too soon Frederick rises and Will knows he now has to return to his cold, dim cell, this was just a small unexpected respite from his harsh new reality. Their eyes meet, jade green and sea glass blue, and understanding passes between them, a look of recognition and acknowledgement. They are but two lonely souls finding comfort in each other, and there's nothing wrong with that.

Will casts one last look to the walls of cream and sage before following Frederick out of the room while hoping this won't be the last time he is treated to Frederick's special, exclusive care.

End Notes

This is the scent profile I created for Frederick:

Lime, Coconut, Dark Chocolate, Oak and Opoponax

Fresh citrus with smooth, creamy coconut that deepens with bittersweet chocolate and a sensual, soft smokey wood base.

Lime - A juicy, tart citrus note with a sweeter and dryer profile than lemon. A scent that is fresh, lively, green and uplifting.

Coconut - A tropical fruity nutty sweet note with vanilla, milky nuances. Coconut is often used to create warm, sensual and enveloping scents. It is both sweet and fruity whilst also being milky, deep and intense

Dark Chocolate - A deep, rich and sensual gourmand note, rather bitter than sweet.

Oak - An aromatic fragrance with earthy nuances; dry, woody, grounding. It is slightly sweet and herbal with hints of spice and smoke.

Opoponax - A warm, honeyed, smokey scent. A sweet balsamic spicy fragrance that is soft, luminous and sensual.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!